

LIMERICK RACES.

I'm a simple Irish lad, resolved to see some fun, sirs,
To satisfy my mind to Limerick I come sirs;
Oh, what a pretty place, and what a glorious city,
Where the boys they are so gay, and the girls they are so pretty.
Mush a ding a du ra la.

'Twas on the first of May when I began my rambles,
When every thing looked gay, both jaunting cars and gambles;
I looked along the road that was lined with smiling faces.
All driving off, ding dong, to go to Limerick races
Mush a ding a du ra la.

So I resolved to go, and make no delay, sirs,
So on a coach and four I nately took my place, sirs,
When a fellow bawled out cut behind, when the driver dealt me
such a blow, sirs,
He hit me just as fair as if his eye was in the hole, sirs.
Mush a ding a du ra la.

There were fiddlers playing jigs,—there were lads and lasses dancing
And some, upon their nags, around the course were prancing;
Some were drinking punch, and others bawled out gaily,
Hurrah, for Shan O'May and the splinter of shillelah.
Mush a ding a du ra la.

There were betters to and fro, to see who'd win the race, sirs,
And one of the sporting coves, of course, came up to me sirs.
Saying I'll bet you 50 pounds, and put it down this minute,
Ten to one, say I, that the foremost horse will win it.
Mush a ding a du ra la.

The actors came to town, and a funny set were they sirs,
I paid my thirteen down to go and see the play, sirs;
I spied a wooden house, and in the upper story
The band played up a tune, called Garvey Owen to glory.